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Hector Berlioz.

From *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*.

(Continued from page 25).

Opinions in regard to Berlioz are even to-day very diverse, and oftentimes diametrically opposed. Thus briefly, writes Richard Wagner:—"Berlioz has, it is true, continued Beethoven, but in a direction which he (Beethoven) had very rightly abandoned. The often bold and carelessly thrown off pen-strokes in which Beethoven, hastily and without examination, wrote down his attempts to discover new means of expression, fell into the hands of the eager scholar, as almost the only heritage of the great artist; and it is certain that Berlioz produced artistic effects out of the adored marvels of those strange pen-strokes. Amazement and transport filled the heart of Berlioz at the sight of those strange characters, in which the master had endeavored to make known the mystery which he believed Music alone to be capable of expressing, but which he vainly tried to express by music. Berlioz's inspirations, however, were only artistic tumult and feverish agitation. When, as in the relaxation of one stupified by opium, he beheld but a dreamy blank around him, he tried to arouse himself by recalling the feverish excitement of his dreams, which he accomplished only by the most painful and laborious employment of his musical faculties."

Now how may Berlioz be considered? Is he, according to Paganini's opinion, a true musical genius, or, after Wagner's view, a man without imagination, who is merely *noisy*? Does he indeed overstep the utmost limits of musical art, or only those of petty custom? His compositions give to this a candid answer.

Berlioz shows, first of all, in his works, *originality of conception*. Not one single borrowed idea can be authenticated. This is of not much importance, since it is easy to be original if one neither minds law, nor aims at beauty; and indeed he has been charged with this, by many people, who also reproach him with having no melody. Melody, say they, is the soul of music, and where that is lacking, there can be no true music. With this I entirely agree; but what do they mean to express by the term melody? There appear no melodies like those in the Strauss Waltzes; but there are musical thoughts which touch the heart, and delight the ear, by their simple design, by their instrumental euphony, and by their expression of emotions, and therein no judicious hearer will deny the existence of genuine music. I maintain this kind of ideas to be above mere melody, and as regards expression they are surely not unwisely formed. In this respect (of melody) the majority of Berlioz's ideas are as good as those of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven.*

Of course, sometimes, a thought runs under, which, more or less, lacks this character, either in the graceful harmony, the unity of construc-

tion, or in the rigorous, precise, rhythm. But as in him these are often found wanting, so they are likewise in the works of all the great musicians.

I recollect, for instance, a fugued passage in the trio of the C minor Symphony of Beethoven which the basses commenced, and the beginning of the Allegro of the Overture "Calm at Sea, and happy Voyage," of Mendelssohn.

Besides the above mentioned kinds of genuine musical ideas, there are the *popular melodies*, appearing in dances, marches, people's, and other simple songs. They are universal, and immediately interesting, they spread quickly far and wide, and are to be found especially in the old operas. They are heard, like home-tunes, in the instrumental compositions of our great masters, although rarely—in their Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, &c.

The overture to *Coriolanus* contains but one single melody. The first movement of the C minor Symphony, but one.

Berlioz has many gleams of popular melodies in his compositions; as in the *Frances Juges*, for instance; and at the same time he is very skilled in the knowledge of instrumentation. He is reproached with lavishness and extravagance, especially in the immoderate use of brass instruments. Many of his works contain few of these, and a great number are instrumented in the softest and faintest manner. Where the charge seems established in many places in Germany, when his compositions were performed, they compared the orchestra, which they heard, with the one his score demanded, and for which he had estimated his effects. He sets down for the string quartet: at least fifteen first violins, fifteen second, do: violas at the least ten, 'celli twelve, contra-bassi, nine, at least. With only four or five, or even eight first violins, eight second violins, two or three weak violas, and just as many 'celli and bassi, put in the orchestra, certainly effects come to light which he never intended, but by which every one criticizes him. It is the same as if one should give a Symphony of Beethoven with two or three first violins, and the other stringed instruments in proportion. Then, without doubt, half the sound of the strings would be lost, among the horns, trumpets and kettle drums!

One might inquire, why he calculated his effects for a string-quartet thus powerfully constituted; the reply is: precisely therein lies his prodigality of means. But who censures Gluck for employing a more powerful orchestra than Lully and Rameau, and introducing clarinets and trombones? Who blames Beethoven for using bassoons in the last part of the C minor Symphony? or Mendelssohn, because, in his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he has introduced ophicleids?

Berlioz makes use of new means to produce new, and truly artistic effects, and never employs them otherwise than artistically. If he used brass instruments in the delineation of tender

sentiments, or soft emotions, the censure would be well grounded, but we seek in vain, in his score, for such absurdities. Mighty feelings are expressed, wherever a mighty sound is heard. Some new composers wrongly urge the objection of over-loaded instrumentation, because they do not observe the disproportion arising, in later times, between string-quartets, and brass instruments, in music, but they unjustly accuse Berlioz, since, by means of his large experience in instrumentation, he has removed this disproportion in his orchestra, by merely increasing the number of the stringed instruments.

His figures are magnificent, bold, soaring, diversified—here brief, there extended, but always in spirit suitable to the object, in such unity and correctness technically, as if Beethoven himself had constructed them.

Berlioz is oftentimes more clear in his phrasing, than many new composers who come after Beethoven. Mendelssohn himself has at times ideas well formed on the whole, which approach more nearly perplexity and confusion than any one of our masters. I cite only the beginning of the Allegro of the "Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage." I do not say all Berlioz's phrases are models in this respect, but in general they need not shun comparison with the best of the great masters.

The preeminence of his music consists in the very original way of working up the theme of the principal idea; but since by reason of its novelty it cannot immediately be perceived as such, therefore what is only a subject is oftentimes taken for a new idea and by this means the opinion arises that he strings together ideas on ideas, without any real relation to each other and that his compositions lack fluency and coherence in their structure.

V. A. II.

(To be continued.)

Scribe.

(From "Spiridon's" Letters to the Evening Gazette.)

I am at the door of the French Academy. Enter. You will hear Mons. Feuillet deliver an eulogy upon Mons. Scribe, his predecessor—an eulogy which reads much better than it was heard, for Mons. Feuillet was monotonous to fatigue while reading a speech (like some pied pigeon's neck which loses all its beauty unless the sun plays upon its feathers) whose beauties were unseen until placed in light by all the coquettish arts the voice possesses. Mons. Feuillet began his speech by eulogizing modern French novelists, not one of whom, by the way, except Mons. Jules Sandeau, was or is a member of the French Academy. Mme. de Stael was excluded by her sex, de Balzac and Alex. Dumas by their private character, Mme. George Sand has no place there in the first place because she is a woman. It was therefore not without some good ground of reason that Mons. Feuillet said: "It seems to me that I gather here the prize of their efforts rather than of my own, and I should look upon myself for ungrateful were I not at this moment to associate their souvenir with my appearance here and their merit to my fortune." He then proceeded to sketch Mons. Scribe's character. Let me quote the more salient passages of this portrait:—

"Eugene Scribe was born at Paris in 1791, of

*Tastes differ here decidedly.—Ed.

an honorable family of tradesmen under the shadow of those Halls even then haunted by an illustrious shade. There the Muse elected him—not that Muse who a century before sought Molière in that neighborhood and whose hearty, large and profound laugh reminded us of the bronze laughter of antique comedy—but a younger, lighter, gentler sister, whom we may call the Muse of Smiles. She seemed to accompany him to the celebrated college where he studied and where she bestowed on him a great deal of success and a great many friends. Everybody knows how Scribe's memory remained faithful to college and to friends during the whole course of his life and of his labors. Those fervent college friendships, which are one of the favorite fictions and one of the graces of his plays, that affectionate solicitude which he constantly felt in the welfare of the institution where he found his intellectual family, do honor both to the delicacy of his heart and of his memory. He left Sainte Barbe College in his eighteenth year. He was an orphan, he was not wealthy, he was still uncertain what career to pursue. It seems that even then uncertainty like this in the mind of them who were embarrassed for themselves or for others had, as it has now, an inevitable solution: the toga of the advocate. Scribe's worthy guardian, and estimable advocate of that day (Mons. Bonnet, who was more than "an estimable advocate;" he was the head of the French bar then) and who had connected his name with a generous action, with the defence of Gen. Moreau, neglected nothing to assure the progress of his pupil in the career whither he attracted him. While he made him follow a course of Roman law, he selected for young Scribe's private tutor, with a reach of foresight which honors him, a young lawyer who was to be, who is one of the most eminent orators of the French tribune and of the French Academy (Mons. Dupin aîné). At the same time Scribe studied practice in an attorney's office where he was supposed to be engaged as clerk. But Scribe's zeal was not equal in degree to all those ardent efforts to advance his legal career. If we may credit an anecdote preserved in his guardian's family, he did not shine by assiduity as a clerk. He had one morning the ill fortune to meet in a street of Paris the attorney, his master, and who appears to have been an excellent man, for he contented himself with making no reproach to his clerk, who blushed up to the eyes, except to say: 'Ah! Monsieur Scribe, I am delighted to see you. I have been long anxious to speak to you. I wish to say that if ever, by some good fortune, you should happen to be passing any where in the vicinity of our neighborhood, I shall be very glad if you will call at my office.' Scribe stammered: 'Monsieur, I am on my way there.' He did that day go to the office; but this day had few successors, and the intelligent attorney did not even dream of again complaining of it, since he discovered, as he himself said, that Scribe's presence in the office was equivalent to the absence of two clerks. Nevertheless the explanation of the young clerk's lack of zeal was soon given. In 1811 his name was heard for the first time in one of those halls whose familiar and glorious echo he was so long to be. The Theatre de la Rue des Chartres had just played a short piece entitled *Les Dervis*, a lively and spirited work of the pen which was essaying its powers. All the details of this delightful evening remained present to Scribe's memory, who delighted to recall them. He was associated in this first campaign with a literary partner, young as himself, and both were enjoying with delicious intoxication the applause of success, when an old author, like the antique slave, entered the smiling group that surrounded the triumphant authors, and said to them: 'Young men, that will do for once; but do not try it again, or at least prepare yourselves for less complaisance and especially for fewer friends.' The prediction of this forgotten sage was entirely fulfilled. Scribe's efforts were repeated in different sorts of dramatic productions during the following years; although they were equal, and sometimes superior in merit to the promises of his first work, success was denied them. It seems that there is in real life as well as in en-

chanted countries a sort of jealous guardian at the entrance of every career and of all the paths which lead to fame; a guardian who longs for prey, who is sometimes surprised, but who always avenges the surprises put upon him.—Scribe was not one of them who are enervated and disheartened in these inevitable and doubtless salutary combats. He had confidence in his talents, his powers were strengthened by the struggle, and he soon forgot the trials of his early career except to avert their bitterness from his younger literary brethren. At last he quitted that 'Artists' Garret' (the title of one of Scribe's pieces) whose fleeting pains and permanent hopes he, a few years afterwards, took pleasure in painting, or rather in singing, and when he placed in the mouth of one of his heroes these words, 'twas Scribe himself who spoke with the sincere eloquence of his heart: 'My friend's fortune henceforth is ours. We have only to push on; but when we become rich and celebrated let us always remember the difficulties of our first steps—and when a young painter brings you his first sketch, when a young musician shows you his first score, when a young literary brother comes to consult us, let us encourage their weak efforts, let us aid them with our advice, our purse, our friendship, and let us never forget that the most difficult thing in the world to them is the first step in their career.' I may say that in writing these lines Mons. Scribe traced the noble principles of his life.

"From this moment and for many a year, if a dramatic production was recommended by singular merits, by the fascinating invention of the subject, by the unrivalled suppleness of the intrigue, by the sparkling vivacity of the dialogue, by a marvellous art of precipitating or of suspending interest, of mingling gaiety and emotion, tears and smiles, grace and good common sense, the public did not wait to acclaim Scribe for the prompter to name him. Never, perhaps, was a master of the stage more completely master of the public of his day, and never was master so beloved. This constant and warm favor, marked with a sort of especial cordiality by audiences, Mons. Scribe pretended to explain to his young literary brethren by revealing to them with his sprightly good nature the great mystery of his art: 'The public likes me, he used to say, because I always take care to put it in my confidence; it is in the secret of the comedy; it has in hand the wires which move my personages; it knows the surprises I have in store and it believes it has them itself in store; in fine I take the public for my literary partner; it imagines it writes the piece with me and naturally it applauds the play.' This explanation, despite the delicate information it conveys, I confess is not sufficient for me. I find a better explanation to account satisfactorily—not for Scribe's success, since his talents commanded them—for that profound and almost cordial sympathy which united Scribe to the public, and which has survived him. One of the most difficult arts in the domain of literary invention is to charm the imagination without troubling it, to amuse men without corrupting them. This was Scribe's great art. To what a genial, sunny, consolatory world his familiar poetics transported the spectator! The curtain scarcely rises and discloses the opening scene, when this gentle magic takes possession of you! You see a vine-covered arbor before some inn-door and a soldier passes singing as he goes; or some lane in a park where a young girl all in white is seen walking; a summer drawing-room where a widow of twenty indulges in reverie; sometimes a grand-mother who has not seen thirty springs—for in this fairy-land it seems there is but one season, which is summer, but one age, which is youth! Nevertheless, to discover the whole secret of this incomparable popularity I must enter upon a delicate portion of my subject; I must not be afraid to utter in Scribe's praise a word which has often been thrown at him as a bitter criticism, the word 'middle-class writer,' which it is astonishing to find with the accent of disdain and raillery in the mouths of children of modern France. Ay, unquestionably the intimate, cordial agreement of this delightful genius with the principles, sen-

timents and impressions of that middle-class from which he issued, and which form the immense majority and body of the public of our day, was one of his most powerful means of action; but never was means of action more lawful, since Scribe drew all of it from the sincerest vein of his talents and the healthiest inspections of his conscience. And most assuredly he never would have repudiated this title of 'writer of the middle-classes;' he would rather have claimed it proudly in his father's and in his own name, in the name of his modest origin and brilliant fortune, the pure work of his own hands, in the name of his labors, of his own dependence, of his probity, of his spotless life and of all his middle-class virtues which he could openly profess, for he constantly practised them. I shall not glance at a considerable portion of Scribe's labors, that delightful series of lyrical dramas on which he succeeded in throwing an interest which this class of works seemed scarcely to admit before his day. Without wishing to exaggerate in these difficult compositions the share of the poet at the expense of the composer's labors, it is proper to notice that among all the fairy tales which have been told on our lyric stages these thirty years gone, those which still live in greatest glory are, with few exceptions, Scribe's pieces. Doubtless there is some good fortune in this; there is the good fortune of being selected by the most illustrious composers; but why was Scribe chosen? Because they knew that Scribe alone possessed the art of throwing into a 'book' that action and dramatic life without which the most potent charms of melody are scarcely tasted by a French audience.

It seems there is a symbolical meaning in the proverbial action of a theatrical manager, who, having no singers and yet anxious to initiate his patrons to the beauties of an opera in vogue, boldly suppressed the music. The audacious stroke was successful, for the 'book' was by Scribe.

The alliance—so rare among men!—of the fascinations of talents and the virtues of the soul reigned in Mons. Scribe with a seductive harmony which his very appearance, which his first glance, seemed to reveal. In his glance full of fire and gentleness, marked with ardent sympathy and a sort of timidity which was touching in a man of his fame, one seemed to discover the effulgence of all the distinctions of this rare life wholly dedicated to labor, to glory and to good deeds. With Mons. Scribe the man was so equal to the writer that in studying his works I have been unable to separate this double character in him. In recalling what he wrote I have told you what he was. His fortunate literary copartners, some of whom were his worthy rivals and his worthy colleagues, all remained his friends, to prove that his thoughtful kindness, his integrity, his delicacy to his literary brethren were not relegated as dead letters to the fictions of the stage. He liked, in the world as well as upon the stage, to invest the realities of life with all the poetical coloring that reason and truth would warrant. So far as one may penetrate the secret of his private life—one of whose merits and good fortune it was to be obscure—this delicate turn of his thought was visible in all his tastes and all his habits, in the freshness of his youthful souvenirs, in the graceful arrangement of that beloved retreat to which his souvenirs had guided him, and especially in the choice of her whom he associated with his destiny by one of his most disinterested and happiest inspirations, of her who now honors his memory as much as she charmed his life. The same romantic grace garlanded the combinations and the mysteries of his inexhaustible benefactions. This wealth so often reproached to him—for it was allowed Scribe, ignorant as he was of envy, to be spared by it—this wealth so lawfully acquired would have embarrassed him had his hand, always filled by labors, not been open to charity. It was not enough to him to throw all his heart into his benefactions, he threw all his talents into them too. He delighted to play in real life the part of that fictive providence which in the enchantments of his theatre suddenly brings to misfortune its unexpected consolation and to merit its unlooked for reward. Some of the most touching instances of this ingenuous charity are

now familiar to everybody. The greater number remain the secret of them who received it; I know, an ill-kept secret by many of them. I shall not betray it. 'Tis to pay pious homage to Scribe's memory to respect the generous veils with which he always covered his beneficence."

Chopin's Polonaises.

(From LISZT'S Life of CHOPIN, translated by MARTHA WALKER COOK.)

The primitive music of the Polonaise, of which we have no example of greater age than a century, possesses but little value for art. Those Polonaises which do not bear the names of their authors, but are frequently marked with the name of some hero, thus indicating their date, are generally grave and sweet. The *Polonaise* styled "*de Kosciuszko*," is the most universally known, and is so closely linked with the memories of his epoch, that we have known ladies who could not hear it without breaking into sobs. The Princess F. L., who had been loved by Kosciuszko, in her last days, when age had enfeebled all her faculties, was only sensible to the chords of this piece, which her trembling hands could still find upon the key-board, though the dim and aged eye could no longer see the keys. Some contemporary Polonaises are of a character so sad, that they might almost be supposed to accompany a funeral train.

The *Polonaises* of Count Oginski, which next appeared, soon attained great popularity through the introduction of an air of seductive languor into the melancholy strains. Full of bloom as they still are, they soothe by their delicious tenderness, by their naive and mournful grace. The martial rhythm grows more feeble; the march of the stately train, no longer rustling in its pride of state, is hushed in reverential silence, in solemn thought, as if its course wound through graves, whose sad swells extinguish smiles and humiliate pride. Love alone survives, as the mourners wander among the mounds of earth so freshly heaped that the grass has not yet grown upon them, repeating the sad refrain which the Bard of Erin caught from the wild breezes of the sea:

"Love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true!"

In the well known pages of Oginski may be found the sighing of analogous thoughts: the very breath of love is sad, and only revealed through the melancholy lustre of eyes bathed in tears.

At a somewhat later state, the graves and grassy mounds were all passed, they are seen only in the distance of the shadowy background. The living cannot always weep; and animation again appears, mournful thoughts, changed into soothing memories, return on the ear, sweet as distant echoes. The saddened train of the living no longer hush their breath as they glide on with noiseless precaution, as if not to disturb the sleep of those who have just departed, over whose graves the turf is not yet green; the imagination no longer evokes only the gloomy shadows of the past. In the *Polonaises* of Lipinski we hear the music of the pleasure-loving heart once more beating joyously, giddily, happily, as it had done before the days of disaster and defeat. The melodies breathe more and more the perfume of happy youth; love, young love, sighs around. Expanding into expressive songs of vague and dreamy character, they speak but to youthful hearts, cradling them in poetic fictions, in soft illusions. No longer destined to cadence the steps of the high and grave personages who ceased to bear their part in these dances,* they are addressed to romantic imaginations, dreaming rather of rapture than renown. Mayseder advanced upon this descending path; his dances, full of lively coquetry, reflect only the magic charms of youth and beauty. His numerous imitations have inundated us with pieces of music, called *Polonaises*, but which have no characteristics to justify the name.

The pristine and vigorous brilliancy of the *Polonaise* was again suddenly given to it by a composer of true genius. Weber made of it a

* Bishops and Primates formerly assisted in the dances; at a later date the Church dignitaries took no part in them.

Dithyrambic, in which the glittering display of vanished magnificence again appeared in its ancient glory. He united all the resources of his art to ennoble the formula which had been so misrepresented and debased, to fill it with the spirit of the past; not seeking to recall the character of ancient music, he transported into music the characteristics of ancient Poland. Using the melody as a recital, he accentuated the rhythm, he colored his composition, through his modulations, with a profusion of hues not only suitable to his subject, but imperiously demanded by it. Life, warmth, and passion again circulated in his *Polonaises*, yet he did not deprive them of the haughty charm, the ceremonious and magisterial dignity, the natural yet elaborate majesty, which are essential parts of their character. The cadences are marked by chords, which fall upon the ear like the rattling of swords from their scabbards. The soft, warm, effeminate pleadings of love give place to the murmuring of deep, full, bass voices, proceeding from manly breasts used to command; we may almost hear, in reply, the wild and distant neighing of the steeds of the desert, as they toss the long manes around their haughty heads, impatiently pawing the ground, with their lustrous eye beaming with intelligence and full of fire, while they bear with stately grace the trailing caparisons embroidered with turquoise and rubies, with which the Polish Seigneurs loved to adorn them. How did Weber divine the Poland of other days? Had he indeed the power to call from the grave of the past, the scenes which we have just contemplated, that he was thus able to clothe them with life, to renew their early associations? Vain questions! Genius is always endowed with its own sacred intuitions! Poetry ever reveals to her chosen the secrets of her wild domain!

All the poetry contained in the *Polonaises* had, like a rich sap, been so fully expressed from them by the genius of Weber, they had been handled with a mastery so absolute, that it was, indeed, a dangerous and difficult thing to attempt them, with the slightest hope of producing the same effect. He has, however, been surpassed in this species of composition by Chopin, not only in the number and variety of works in this style, but also in the more touching character of the handling, and the new and varied processes of harmony. Both in construction and spirit, Chopin's *Polonaise* in A, with the one in A flat Major, resembles very much the one of Weber's in E Major. In others he relinquished this broad style: shall we say always with a more decided success? In such a question, decision were a thorny thing. Who shall restrict the rights of a poet over the various phases of his subject? Even in the midst of joy, may he not be permitted to be gloomy and oppressed? After having chanted the splendor of glory, may he not sing of grief? After having rejoiced with the victorious, may he not mourn with the vanquished? We may, without any fear of contradiction, assert, that it is not one of the least merits of Chopin, that he has, consecutively, embraced all the phases of which the theme is susceptible, that he has succeeded in eliciting from it all its brilliancy, in awakening from it all its sadness. The variety of the moods of feeling to which he was himself subject, aided him in the reproduction and comprehension of such a multiplicity of views. It would be impossible to follow the varied transformations occurring in these compositions, with their pervading melancholy, without admiring the fecundity of his creative force, even when not fully sustained by the higher powers of his inspiration. He did not always confine himself to the consideration of the pictures presented to him by his imagination and memory, taken *en masse*, or as a united whole. More than once, while contemplating the brilliant groups and throngs flowing on before him, has he yielded to the strange charm of some isolated figure, arresting in its course by the magic of his gaze, and, suffering the gay crowds to pass on, he has given himself up with delight to the divination of its mystic revelations, while he continued to weave his incantations and spells only for the entranced Sybil of his song.

His *Grand Polonaise* in F sharp Minor, must be ranked among his most energetic compositions. He has inserted in it a *Mazourka*. Had he not frightened the frivolous world of fashionable life, by the gloomy grotesqueness with which he introduced it in an incantation so fantastic, this mode might have become an ingenious caprice for the ball-room. It is a most original production, exciting us like the recital of some broken dream, made, after a night of restlessness, by the first dull, gray, cold, leaden rays of a winter's sunrise. It is a dream-poem, in which the impressions and objects succeed each other with startling incoherence and with the wildest transitions, reminding us of what Byron says in his "*Dream*:"

"... Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
And look like heralds of Eternity."

The principal motive is a weird air, dark as the lurid hour which precedes a hurricane, in which we catch the fierce exclamations of exasperation, mingled with a bold defiance, recklessly hurled at the stormy elements. The prolonged return of a tonic, at the commencement of each measure, reminds us of the repeated roar of artillery—as if we caught the sounds from some dread battle waging in the distance. After the termination of this note, a series of the most unusual chords are unrolled through measure after measure. We know nothing analogous to the striking effect produced by this in the compositions of the greatest masters. This passage is suddenly interrupted by a *Scène Champêtre*, a *Mazourka* in the style of an Idyl, full of the perfume of lavender and sweet marjoram; but which, far from effacing the memory of the profound sorrow which had before been awakened, only augments, by its ironical and bitter contrast, our emotions of pain to such a degree, that we feel almost solaced when the first phrase returns; and, free from the disturbing contradiction of a naive, simple, and inglorious happiness, we may again sympathize with the noble and imposing woe of a high, yet fatal struggle. This improvisation terminates like a dream, without other conclusion than a convulsive shudder; leaving the soul under the strangest, the wildest, the most subduing impressions.

The "*Polonaise-Fantaisie*" is to be classed among the works which belong to the latest period of Chopin's compositions, which are all more or less marked by a feverish and restless anxiety.—No bold and brilliant pictures are to be found in it; the loud tramp of a cavalry accustomed to victory is no longer heard; no more resound the heroic chants muffled by no visions of defeat—the bold tones suited to the audacity of those who were always victorious. A deep melancholy—ever broken by startled movements, by sudden alarms, by disturbed rest, by stifled sighs—reigns throughout. We are surrounded by such scenes and feelings as might arise among those who had been surprised and encompassed on all sides by an ambuscade, the vast sweep of whose horizon reveals not a single ground for hope, and whose despair had giddied the brain, like a draught of that wine of Cyprus which gives a more instinctive rapidity to all our gestures, a keener point to all our words, a more subtle flame to all our emotions, and excites the mind to a pitch of irritability approaching insanity.

Such pictures possess but little real value for art. Like all descriptions of moments of extremity, of agonies, of death rattles, of contractions of the muscles where all elasticity is lost, where the nerves, ceasing to be the organs of the human will, reduce man to a passive victim of despair; they only serve to torture the soul. Deplorable visions, which the artist should admit with extreme circumspection within the graceful circle of his charmed realm!

Handel and Haydn Society, Boston.

SECRETARY'S REPORT, MAY 25th, 1863.
Mr. President:

No very important results have been realized from the labors of the society, during the past season, beyond those usually attained during an ordinary

concert season. Consequently there is but little for your Secretary to do but to state, in plain and simple language, the number of public performances given, and the general success of the same, with such other information pertaining thereto as may suggest itself.

The first work of the season just closed, which the Society engaged in, was in giving a concert in connection with the several Military Bands of the city, and other artists, all of whom volunteered their services for the occasion, for the benefit of the 41st Regiment of volunteers, and which was also understood to be in compliment to our late President, the gallant commander of the Regiment: Col. Thos. E. Chickering. The society was enabled through this means to pass over for the benefit of that Regiment the liberal sum of Five Hundred Dollars; which, we have no question, has been judiciously expended for the comfort of the men under Col. Chickering's command.

Our usual Christmas Oratorio, "The Messiah," was given in a very creditable manner, and proved to be, pecuniarily, highly successful. From this time until the 15th March our weekly rehearsals were devoted almost exclusively to the study of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," when it was given to a full house, with extra vocal assistants, and in all respects in a superior manner. It was repeated with the same cast, one week from the time of the first performance, and resulted in a loss to the society of some Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars. Comment, considering the nature of the work, and the manner in which it was produced, is unnecessary.

Very few, with the exception of those immediately interested, know the labor of preparing a great work like the "Elijah," for performance. It is a labor of weeks for those even, who have been familiar with it for years, and who have assisted in its performance; and for those who take it up for the first time, it is a labor of as many months; but all feel a satisfaction in devoting the time necessary for a perfect representation of a work of this magnitude; for who can listen to the sweetly flowing melodies, the expressive recitatives, the majestic choruses interlaced and encircled with orchestral harmonies of the richest tints of tone-color, like the chaste and beautiful setting around some precious stone, and not have the conviction forced upon him that the mind that conceived, and the hand that executed, must have been guided and directed by an overruling power?

Such, to my mind, is Mendelssohn, as exemplified in his "Elijah," and I am sure that no one can attentively follow the windings of his wonderful harmonies, and feel that the picture is overdrawn, or too highly colored. On us is devolved the responsibility of adequately producing these great works.

No other similar society exists among us, and there is no necessity for the formation of one; but the Handel and Haydn Society, though by far the largest, and most effective choral society in the country, is, nevertheless, defective in many important requisites for a perfect rendering of works of this class; and as we should strive to remedy all existing defects in a more perfect organization of our chorus with particular reference to a better balance of parts, and a more constant attendance at rehearsals on the part of each and every member; so we should reasonably expect, as we should then deserve, the public patronage in a corresponding degree.

A serious drawback to a perfect performance of any oratorio is found in the too prevalent custom of many members absenting themselves from rehearsals, on the plea that there is no particular necessity of their rehearsing, as they are thoroughly acquainted with the whole thing, have sung it for years, and can sing every note without rehearsal. To all such let it be said, that when mistakes do occur, they are readily traceable to those persons who are so perfectly acquainted with all the difficulties of the composition as to require no rehearsal; and until some remedy can be found to relieve the society from this incubus, occasional defects will be observable. An attempt was made during the past season to secure better attendance at rehearsals, by a frequent calling of the roll, which resulted in the discharge from the society of seven members, who had proverbially been absent from rehearsals, the receipt of a large mail of excuses from sick and disabled, and a much fuller attendance on each evening of the roll-call. Unless some more simple mode can be adopted, it may become necessary hereafter to resort to the calling of the roll at every meeting.

The erection of the Great Organ in the Music Hall, one of the largest and finest instruments ever built, immeasurably superior, without doubt, to anything of the kind ever seen in this country, should be a sufficient incentive to all lovers of the Oratorio to come forward and assist in augmenting the ranks of the society up to the number of Four Hundred, at least, thereby enabling the society to secure a more perfect balance of the four choirs than has ever yet been attainable, and to fitly render the massive double and single choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn, with the powerful Organ referred to. The taste of the musical public would very soon be educated up to a full appreciation of the immense effects, nowhere else to be found in the whole range of musical composition, which would thereby be developed.

Being fully alive to the pecuniary embarrassments of the society, and believing that the time has now arrived when an effort should be made for securing a fund, so often alluded to by your Secretary in his former reports, and so often discussed in meetings of the Board without coming to any definite conclusion as to the best mode to be adopted to secure the desired object; your Board of Trustees, at a recent meeting, voted to make an appeal to the friends of the society, and the public at large, for aid in establishing a fund, to be permanently invested; the proceeds to be expended in giving to the public, each season, such works as in their judgment may best tend towards elevating and cultivating a taste for the higher order of sacred compositions. Should this much desired object be accomplished, it will enable us to institute a series of Musical Festivals, combining all the choral force of the large cities and towns in the immediate neighborhood of Boston, in addition to our own, in one great choir, after the manner of similar periodical gatherings in London, Birmingham and other places in England; and in imitation also of the great Festival held in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1857, with this difference only, that the choir at that time numbered six hundred only, whereas with our present facilities a chorus of twice that number might easily be gathered. The material is at hand, but funds are necessary to carry out plans of this magnitude, and, which cannot fail of perfect success, if properly managed.

The fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Society occurs two years from this time, when a festival should be given, and long months of preparation must be devoted to it in order to insure success. To stand still is to be left behind; for while all the world is pushing along, they that were first will soon find themselves last, unless an effort be made in the direction in which the tide is setting; and as the Handel and Haydn Society has ever been first in the particular department of art chosen, so let it maintain that enviable position by every honorable means within our reach; and as time rolls on, the memory of those who gave to us this honored institution shall be held dear, and handed down to our successors as names indissolubly connected with the fortunes and fame of the Handel and Haydn Society. All of which is respectfully submitted.

LORING B. BARNES, Secretary.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 25.—The most interesting concert of the past two weeks was that given by Mr. CARL BERGMANN on Saturday evening last, at Irving Hall. The programme consisted almost exclusively of what old people call "future music"—that is, music by composers yet living, or not yet cold enough in their graves to have become "classic."

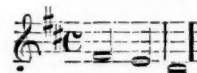
Liszt's "Faust" Symphony was the feature, performed here for the first time. The whole work is too "long drawn out," not always in "linked sweetness"; it consists of three movements, 1. *Faust* (Allegro). 2. *Gretchen* (Andante). 3. *Mephistopheles* (Scherzo and Finale). In programme music, one naturally expects to hear the poetic subject very clearly presented; but although Liszt has successfully embodied Mephisto in the closing movement, which is malicious, witty, diabolic with a will,—the musical *Faust* is uncharacterized—and as to *Gretchen*! Liszt brings her before us from the cradle to the grave, apparently, yet his *Gretchen* is but an insipid servant maid. The other orchestral numbers were Berlioz's fanciful "Carneval Romain" overture, and the introduction to Wagner's "Lohengrin," which sounded knightly, pure, poetic, as it always does:

"Aus alten Mährchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand."

Mr. MILLS played Schumann's A minor piano-forte Concerto—fine music! and finely rendered; also a transcription by Liszt from "Sonnambula," which proved Liszt's appreciation of what is fine in other composers. Mme. JOHANSEN sang Schubert's song "Liebes-Cotschaft," and that *Wanderlied* by Schumann, which sounds as though Schumann had not written it.

If we may believe managerial assertions, the Italian company has closed its present season; and, to judge from appearances, with less success than the opening performances promised. Peri's "Judith" was announced, but not given.

Mme. VESTALI will open the Winter Garden to-night, for an operatic season, commencing with Gluck's "Orpheus," to be sung in English. If this great music is even tolerably well presented, it will indeed be something to hear; and as Vestali has recently had an opportunity to study Mme. Viardot-Garcia's wonderful performance of the part of "Orpheus," as well as the whole opera as produced under Berlioz's direction in Paris, we may hope to see some of the great points outlined, at least. Mme. ROTTER is to be the Euridice; Mr. ANSCHUTZ will conduct.



NEW YORK, MAY. 26.—Musical matters are at present in a very spasmodic state, and the epidemic of Italian and English opera, "Anniversary Concerts," "Gottschalk Matinées," "Victory Symphonies," quite bewildering in its effect. MAX MARETEK of the Italian Opera promised and gave six nights of opera, with an additional one thrown in as a gratuity. "Aroldo" and "Ione," with a fragment of "Rigoletto" at a matinee, were the attraction; but unfortunately the anniversaries and other matters combined made the week one of pecuniary loss to the manager and caused him to withdraw for a temporary breathing spell. Signor BELLINI, the popular and meritorious baritone of the troupe, took a benefit at a matinee on Saturday, when Petrella's "Ione" was given to a large and brilliant audience. It is pretty well known that when Mme. MEDORI returns from the settlement of her family affairs in Belgium, the Maretzek troupe, thus re-enforced, will go into action again, and the news will be doubly welcome when Max announces the revival of "Ione". It is certainly one of the richest, most original and meritorious works that has been brought out at the Academy for a long time, and if Medori could have remained with the company until the close of the season it would have drawn the same magnificent houses that "Norma" did.

Maretzek is still planning, and his generalship, as evinced in the past campaign, is undoubted. With the return of the legions from the watering-places, and the arrival of cool and enjoyable weather in the fall, Maretzek will astonish the public with something that cannot fail to pay them and him.

Irving Hall, second in importance to the Academy, has been the theatre of great musical events.—THEO. THOMAS's concert and performance of "Herald in Italy" has already received a review from the pen of a correspondent. GOTTSCHALK has been revelling in all his brilliancy and fascination, and, with Sanderson, Miss Krowlikowska, Mlle. Barnetche, Mr. Castle, Campbell and the Bretto children, has been giving concerts and matinées without number. Miss KROWLIKOWSKA and Miss BARNETCHE have also given concerts and all have been quite successful. On Saturday evening last CARL BERGMANN gave a concert and introduced Liszt's "Faust" Symphony. This was the first performance of this composition in America, and, judging from the uni-

versal *on-dit*, its repetition will not be solicited save from mere curiosity. It is divided into three parts:

1. Faust (Allegro.)
2. Gretchen (Andante.)
3. Mephistopheles (Scherzo and Finale.)

Even the most enthusiastic of the German school pronounced it wild, disjointed, unsatisfactory. A succession of broken, angular sounds; a sort of chaotic mass, no melody distinguishable; a labored seeking but never finding—in fact bewildering and beyond description. How much sweeter and how charming was the Schumann Concerto in A minor, and Wagner's "Lohengrin" with Berlioz's "Carneval Romain" as a finale! Mme. JOHANSEN sang a couple of happy German songs: "Liebesbotschaft" by Fr. Schubert, and "Wanderlied" by Schumann; and S. B. MILLS played a fantasia on "Sonnambula", and in the Schumann Concerto.

GOLDBECK repeated his "Victory and Peace" Symphony at the Academy, on Tuesday evening.

Last night, Mlle. VESTVALI inaugurated a season of opera at Winter Garden, the scene of her former success. Gluck's "Orpheus," an English translation of the libretto—was the announcement for the evening, with Mlle. Vestvali as Orpheus; Mme. Rotter, Euridice; Miss Geary, the Goddess of Love; Miss Kemple, Hymen; Miss Drome, a Blessed Spirit; and Mr. Fouché, Pluto; with a corps of assistants in the shape of nymphs, spectres, furies, demons, spirits, &c. A glance at the cast will lead to the correct supposition that Mlle. Vestvali and Mme. Rotter have the fate of the opera festing upon them. Such is the fact. The first three acts depend solely upon the vocal and dramatic success of Mlle. Vestvali. The music of the opera is very pleasing, the general nature of it sad and plaintive. The *mise en scene* is very creditable, and, although it is a matter of considerable doubt as to its meeting with the success here it did in Paris, yet it will be attractive for a number of representations. Mlle. Vestvali looks as beautiful as ever and still may claim the favored title "Vestvali tue Magnificent".

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 25.—As I see but little in your Journal in regard to musical matters in this town, I take the liberty of sending you the enclosed programme of a "Musical" given by the "Orpheus Club" (a male chorus) at the Piano Ware Rooms of Messrs. Henry Baker & Sons, for the gratification of their particular friends. Everything passed off pleasantly and to the satisfaction of all present.

Part I.

1. Overture to "Jean de Paris."..... Boieldieu
Two Pianos, Eight Hands.
2. Chorus. "Praise of the Soldier."..... Boieldieu
Orpheus Club.
3. Chorus. "Two Roses."..... Werner
Orpheus Club.
4. Solo—Piano. "Variations" on March "Il Puritani."..... Herz
Orpheus Club.
5. Chorus. "Artillerist's Oath."..... Adam
Orpheus Club.

Part II.

1. Trio—Piano. "Airs from Mozart's Operas."..... Czerny
One Piano, Six Hands.
2. Solo and Chorus. "Image of the Rose?"..... Reichardt
Orpheus Club.
3. Chorus. "Rhine Wine Song."..... Zollner
Orpheus Club.
4. Duet—Piano. "Airs from Norma."..... Schubert
5. Chorus—March. "Airs from Norma."..... Becker
Orpheus Club.

The lady pianists played creditably to themselves, and the Club sang in a manner which showed that they were interested in their work, and that they had practised diligently to acquire the proficiency which they manifested in their performance.

We hope to be able, ere long, to claim for Providence as fine a male chorus as their name-sake in Boston, and they have certainly made a good beginning; although mostly amateurs, they have several of the best professional musicians in the state, (both vocal and instrumental) among their numbers; and have voices ranging from the highest tenors to the *bassi-profundi*; being able to sing music of more than 3 octaves in compass.

As to musical matters generally, but little can be said for this place; concerts are not very numerous here; occasionally we have a visit from some celebrated artist, and then a long time passes without anything to stir the musical public, the generality of whom do not appreciate anything much better than a "nigger concert." Would that something could be done to elevate the musical taste in this place, for it is decidedly below par.

We have a few good choirs; and are afforded an opportunity almost every sabbath, of hearing some one of those fine old English Cathedral services, by the choir of the Grace Church (Bishop Clarke). This choir consists of about 30 singers, and is under the direction of Mr. L. T. DOWNES, who gives us by far the best church music we have ever had in the city.

Hoping for better times (musically), I remain yours, respectfully,

N. E. D.

A Letter from Timothy Trill.

My dear Journal:

I believe I do not often trouble your columns with my remarks, not half so often as I would like to, were it not for other duties—but now and then steam accumulates, and an escape at the safety valve of one's intellectual being is healthy.

My text on the present instance is a very grand choral service at Trinity Church, New York, on Ascension day, May 15th, by a reinforced choir of 60 boys and men, composed of the regular choir of the church, that of Mr. Frank Gilder of St. George's Church, Flushing, and a number of stragglers from other quartets. The service was at eleven o'clock, A.M., and long before that hour there could hardly be obtained standing room in the vast edifice, so thronged was it, despite the rainy weather.

After a voluntary by Mr. Henry S. Cutler, the organist of the Church, (an improvisation, by the way, which did him great credit) the clergy and choristers defiled from the robing-room doors into the chancel, all in their milk-white surplices, which, reflecting the light of the brilliant candelabra, presented a most impressive picture, and one which strongly contrasted with the murky state of atmosphere out of doors.

To make a very homely, but perhaps pardonable comparison, the two sides of the crowded chancel where the clergy and choir sat, looked like two huge musical snow-banks, and I hope the reader will not be pierced with "a cold shiver of delight" at the thought, as Charles Lamb says! However that may be, it certainly was one of the most beautiful sights imaginable, viewed from the organ-gallery, and was a fit precursor to the beautiful sounds which were to follow.

The *Venite Exultemus Domino*, sung to a Gregorian tone in unison, and of course, antiphonally, Mr. Cutler keeping up an interesting though not always felicitous change of harmony during each verse, until the *Gloria Patri*, when the voices branched out into full parts and the organ formed a glorious foundation for the entire musical structure. The effect of this immensely powerful choir was irresistible. It was actually more noble than I have ever heard from choruses of mixed voices, two and three hundred strong, and made me long to hear Handel's or Mendelssohn's choruses sung in such a manner and by such material, but quadrupled numerically.

The service consisted of Nares's popular but effective *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in F, sung with great accuracy and an ensemble truly surprising. They also performed Cutler's Anthem to Psalm XLVII, verses 5 and 6, "God is gone up with a merry noise and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," all done in the same careful manner. The verse passages were sustained by Masters Hopkins, Ehrlich, and Grandin, the first being no relation however of the Vermont tribe by the same name. A tenor solo was also

sung in pure choral style (which is saying a good deal now-a-days) by Mr. Sam. D. Mayer, an amateur, but who should rather be called an amateur artist.

This was the most successful trial yet made here of the effect of a purely male chorus on so grand a scale, where the soprano and alto parts were sustained by boys alone, and it has equalled the most sanguine expectations of all.

Great credit is due Messrs. Cutler and Gilder; especially the latter, he living in a small country town, and having struggled against the petty jealousies and old-womanish antipathies to anything like "popery" which are always rife in such cess-pools of artistic ambitions; besides which, both these gentlemen have had to furnish means for bringing about so fine an exhibition of the possibilities of boyish capacity.

Our New York dilettanti are gradually becoming reconciled to boy choirs.

Truly yours,

TIMOTHY TRILL.

Nighting's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 30, 1863.

Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

The romantic element in musical art has perhaps no finer illustrations than three modern works, which, differing essentially from one another, are equally worthy to be called exquisite imaginative creations. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Weber's fairy opera "Oberon," and Schumann's Cantata, for orchestra and voices, for which Moore's poem "Paradise and the Peri" furnishes the poetic theme and text. All three are works of genius; "Oberon" perhaps having the best claim to be considered the most genial of the three. Those of our readers with whom we shared the pleasure lately of hearing the "Peri" sung by Mr. Parker's Club of amateurs, will scarcely wonder at our naming it in such great company. To the unprejudiced and best informed in German music, it can need no justification. But Schumann is so much a mooted question, and many music-lovers, otherwise appreciative, find him so hard a dose to swallow,—partly, no doubt, because he is so unequal in his works, being sickly and obscure in some, as he is clear and strong and heavenly in others,—that we feel it a duty to those who furnished and those who enjoyed the recent feast, to note it with a broader mark than we have yet had opportunity to do. We would fain try at least to set down some of the characteristic traits and beauties of the Cantata in detail and in order.

We are the more moved to do this, because once we copied, by way of specimen of bigoted English anti-Schumannism, some of the cross things which the critics (of the *Musical World*, *Athenæum*, &c.) wrote on the morning after its first production in London (in 1856), when Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt sang the part of the Peri, and Sterndale Bennett conducted. A few sentences picked out from their columns full of ravings will read curiously here. For instance:

"Mme. Goldschmidt's singing was entirely thrown away, the music being everywhere unvoiced, and scarcely anywhere interesting." (The great songstress doubtless would agree that it was thrown away upon such critics, but not with the rest of the statement.)

"In short, a more dreary concert was never listened to at the Philharmonic."

"Judged by the standard of the great writers, it can hardly be considered music at all." . . . "There is no melody, no form—nothing that 'appeals' to the ear—nothing that touches the heart."

"Dr. Schumann, in short, is not possessed of that musical organization, without which all the talent and ingenuity in the world avail nothing. He has mind—but his mind is not musical. He has power, but he lacks the instinct for music. He produces by some mysterious rule of his own; but nothing he does springs naturally from the heart."

"It was sad to listen to the efforts of Mme. Goldschmidt Lind and her associates—so clever, intelligent and zealous—to give life to music which has no more spark of vitality than a corpse."

And so on through all the symptoms of the raving epidemic, which prevails in certain quarters, and especially in England, "Anti-Schumannism." It is safe to say, however, that in most musical circles the disease has long since materially abated, and seems to be giving place to a hearty, wholesome admiration, none the less warm because qualified in some respects. The conviction, which places Schumann as a musical genius more nearly on a level with Schubert, Mendelssohn, Weber, &c., than with any lesser names, certainly gains ground, and just in proportion to the more intimate acquaintance with his works—that is, with the works which best represent him. Yet still we hear repeated these wholesale denials. For you he has "no form," because his forms are not always those in which all your ideas of music have been moulded; "no melody," because his melodies wear not a close family resemblance with the darlings of your memory and fond associations; nothing that "appeals" to the ear, because your ear is obstinately otherwise accustomed, and keeps listening for what it does not hear, regardless of what it does; nothing that "touches the heart," because your heart is set too exclusively upon its idols, and against whatever can come out of Nazareth; and this being the case, no wonder that nothing he does appears to you to "spring from his heart"; no wonder, either, that the habit so tyrannical in you should deny the "instinct" so original and free in him. Now in proof that Schumann *had* the musical instinct, so fine and sure that he could find the latent music in a poem and transmute the poem into music; that he has melody, both exquisite and tender, such as springs from the heart and goes to the heart, melody from a right original, exhaustless vein too; that there is life, "vitality" in his music, such as we commonly ascribe to artistic or poetic inspiration, such as quickens and inspires; and "form" too, such as easily and fitly clothes that life, form not unsymmetrical, and logically developing out of a germ or *motive*; in short that he holds the keys that unlock some of the most interesting chambers in the divine wonder-world of music sealed up in the hearts and the imaginations of us all—we propose to examine this very "Paradise and the Peri", which not even Jenny Lind could save from being "dreary" to the Philharmonic conservatives in London.

We are too well aware, from plenty of experience in such attempts, of the difficulty, in most cases the impossibility, of giving anything like a clear and satisfactory idea of such a composition by any description in words. Our own conception of it, even, must lack color and completeness, from the fact that our studies of it have been made merely from the voice parts with piano-forte accompaniment, we having heard it only once performed with orchestra, and that more than two years ago. Then again our means of conveying any notion of many an important

passage are sadly limited by the inability to adduce it here in musical notation. Yet we indulge the hope that, while we are pretty certain to convince the reader of the rashness of our undertaking, we may at the same time succeed in conveying, here and there at least, such inklings of our meaning as shall lead him to suspect that there is really some rare charm in the music that could so prompt us and almost compel us to run such a risk.

We take it for granted, reader, that you know Moore's poem. And, if you think of it, you must see at a glance how admirably it lends itself to musical treatment, how noble and spiritual a subject it offers the composer; what room for many shades and contrasts of emotion, sad, heroic, timid, tender, hopeful, joyful, all tending upward to pure heavenly triumph; for play of fancy in the story of spirits beautiful and free as air, yet human; for wealth of color and of imagery in the warm luxury of Oriental scenery and atmosphere and fable; what chance too for dramatic episode and climax. No one can doubt it after hearing Schumann's music. It was the right poetry for *him*, at all events; not that he had not in him a musical vein as well for other poetry and other subjects. But this one touched the musical springs in him as naturally and truly as Shakespeare's fairies did in the young Felix, or the wonder-horn of Oberon in Weber. Moreover Schumann was himself poet enough to make his text conform more perfectly to the musical conditions, here by wise abridgement, there by the insertion of new verses quite in keeping with the rest.

The three gifts which the Peri bears to Eden's gate, in hope to gain admittance there, naturally suggested the larger divisions of the *Cantata*, which contains 26 musical numbers. But it must be remarked, as a peculiar structural feature of the work, that these numbers run without pause or period into one another. Only at the end of each of the three Parts does the movement actually stop; one or two pieces only in the whole work are separable from the rest, so as to form wholes in themselves. In each Part it is a continuous flow from the first measure to the last, the transition from one piece into another being beautifully and almost imperceptibly achieved by means of commonly a few chords of most ingenious and poetic modulation. To some ears this method may be ungrateful; they may crave the frequent point of rest; and this is probably a good part of what the English critics meant by want of melody and form. At the worst it is but the difference of the unrolling panorama from a series of detached pictures, each in its own frame. There is this in favor of this continuous form, that it accepts itself from the poem; the music runs along with that, contentedly and loyally, not parting with its own nature in the least, or violating any unity of music. And is there not a charm in this continuous web? We like to see the story weave itself all out before us, not knowing where a thread is dropped, nor noting new beginnings; it can have as many colors as Joseph's coat, and yet be woven of one piece; in fact this is the way that Nature weaves, and by this very continuity she fascinates us and keeps up our interest in her. And this is one of the secrets which Art learns of Nature. In Schumann here it likes us well; continually the music moves, fresh images emerging in clear outline, each so gracefully succeeding, that you feel no

lack of alternation or repose. It is pleasant to have the melodies take you up and leave you, without announcement or leave taking, like chance companions on a journey, not even claiming separate remembrance. But to our task—a formidable one—twenty six musical numbers or pieces waiting to be registered.

1. *Andante*, an instrumental symphony or prelude of some little length. In the opening phrase, first breathed or sighed out by a single instrument, then woven as a motive into the whole harmonic web, mark with how sure an "instinct" Schumann has caught the tune, the musical throb, as it were, of the poem and the subject; just as Beethoven in that little phrase that steals in leading after it the whole first movement of the Pastoral Symphony, has caught the very tune of summer in the fields. This little phrase is pensive, sad and full of longing. It reveals the sense of loneliness and exile within hearing of the heavenly harmonies. A beautiful spirit is this that longingly listens at the gate; an earnest spirit, that will fly through the universe to do the penance, or to find the gift whereby she may rejoin her pure and happy sister spirits.—This instrumental *Andante* sets the poetic key of the entire *Cantata*; out of its little motive naturally develops all that follows. It is characterized by a deep tenderness of feeling, and a certain ethereal fineness, with a touch of somewhat mystical in the more involved middle portion where a new subject enters. But it comes back to the first one, lending to the phrase this time the new charm of a certain smile of hope; and thus it feelingly and gracefully preludes to a few lines of Alto solo:

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Thro' the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost the glorious place!

What the Alto sings, beautiful as it is, is not a melody, so much as a sort of *recitative cantabile*. The pensive figure of the prelude steals in again after the utterance of the first two lines; then a pause, filled by mysterious *tremolo* of strings, while the voice, listening "to the springs of Life within", forgets its sadness in a few excited, rapturous utterances; then, where the Peri thinks of the doom of "her recreant race", droops to a close through a retarded, thoughtful phrase, in which you recognize essentially, though somewhat modified, the pensive little motive of the prelude.

2. So far it has been narrative. By a single dominant chord, on which the recitative ends, we are in a beautiful, strange key, surprised by the Peri's song. A most lovely song it is, the melody full of longing, of rapture and regret, with a fluttering accompaniment (for her heart beats quick), and a delicious strangeness in the harmony, the key playing in opaline colors between minor and major, and the time accelerating with her excitement, as she goes on picturing to herself:

How happy the spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!

To what a pitch of earnest eloquence the strain rises, (a strain of which we shall be again reminded in her final song of triumph), as she sings:

Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!

And still more earnest and emphatic, where the voice climbs through an octave of accented notes, each strengthened with full harmony, as if striving to embrace the idea of illimitable space and splendor, at the words here italicized:

Go, wing thy flight from star to star
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!

Indeed she is a beautiful, true-hearted, earnest Peri; she loves the things of earth too little to be kept long out of her true home above; aspiration, pure, sleepless, uncontainable breathes in this exquisite, this unique song. The Peri claims your fullest interest and sympathy from this moment.

3. A short tenor recitative, (that original motive phrase of the prelude filling the pauses again, tells how the "glorious Angel" who keeps the gates, hears her and drops a tear. Henceforth all the connecting bits of narrative are given to the tenor. Upon the last chord (dominant seventh in E) two flutes suddenly strike in above with D and E, filling out the measure with a strange sense of expectancy, commanding silence while the Angel speaks (an Alto voice), deliberate and grave, with crystal clear aerial chords pulsing in triplets, though the melody keeps on in steady two-fold measure. This heavenly announcement, relieving musically what has gone before by perfect contrast, sets before us the shining goal to which the whole is tending.

4. Quick, eager, broken phrases in the orchestra, as the Peri exclaims: "Where shall I find this gift?" Then gradually retarded, by a subtle modulation, the key (A major) settles down into A flat major, and a broad, luxurious melody succeeds, reinforced by clarinet and fagotto in thirds, while for bass the viola runs rippling and semi-quavering along in constant rapid alternation between the tonic and the tone below, the figure now and then for just an instant overleaping this contented liquid level, as she counts over in thought the rare things that she knows, the "Isles of Perfume", the "jewelled cup" of the king of the Geni "with life's elixir sparkling high", &c. But the strain murmurs itself away, and gives place to a sequence of serious, thoughtful phrases, of which the echo lingers in the instruments, as the question occurs: "But does Heaven want such gifts?"

Where was there e'er a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALBA's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?

5. The key brightens into the sunshine of F major, as the time quickens and the measure broadens, and the Tenor recites:

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land.

Then a quartet of mixed voices take up the strain, and launch forth into a rapturous contemplation of the beauty of the scene,

Where palms breathe in whispers light,
Where glitters the starry night—
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks, and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice—
Oh Paradise

A buoyant, sunny, clear and happy piece of harmony, as serene and sweet as the most perfect of June days. As seeming endless, but alas! as

short! "O Paradise!" the voices linger on the exclamation; but even now the ground begins to tremble, the harmony grows dark and threatening; this peaceful air is even now disturbed by war's alarms, and swells of death; these streams are red with blood.—But our types are inexorable, and we must break off for the present, before even reaching the stirring and dramatic climax and conclusion of the first Part. We shall take up the thread again next week, with the hope of going through, with more concise speed, to the end.

Music in Boston.

With the two concerts, which we must now briefly notice, we suppose our musical season may be considered fairly closed.

1. Mlle. CAMILLA URSO had a good farewell benefit at Chickering's Hall, on Wednesday evening of last week. The audience were numerous, refined, enthusiastic, and the music all good of its kind, and mostly good in kind. This was the selection:

1. Grand Duo Brilliant, Piano and Violin. La Muette de Portici. Wolff and De Beriot
Mlle. Camilla Urso and Mr. B. J. Lang.
2. Spring Song. Mendelssohn
Miss J. E. Houston.
3. Andante and Rondo Russe, Violin. De Beriot
Mlle. Camilla Urso.
4. { a. Prelude in E minor. Mendelssohn
b. Fugue in E minor. Handel
Mr. B. J. Lang.
5. Reverie, Violin. Vieuxtemps
Mlle. Camilla Urso.
1. "Oh! weel I mind the days. Scotch Song
Miss J. E. Houston.
2. Elegie, Violin. Ernst
Mlle. Camilla Urso.
3. Rondo Capriccio, op. 44. Mendelssohn
Mr. B. J. Lang.
4. Slumber Song. Kucken
Miss J. E. Houston.
5. Grand Duo, Piano and Violin, William Tell.
Osborne and De Beriot
Mlle. Camilla Urso and Mr. B. J. Lang.

The serious young face of Camilla looked uncommonly radiant, and she exerted all the fine witchery of her art triumphantly as usual. The *Elegie* by Ernst we do not remember to have heard played by her before; she rendered it with true feeling and expression. Mr. LANG's aid was most efficient in the brilliant Duos; and he made admirable choice in the three pieces which he interpreted alone. The Mendelssohn Prelude and the Handel fugue were particularly welcome once more; and both these and the Rondo Capriccio were artistically played. Miss Houston gave much pleasure by her songs. The "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn was a particularly good choice, and Mr. CARL MAYER left nothing wanting in the rich accompaniment. There were eager calls for repetition after several pieces; but the artists showed more good sense than the public, in politely declining to repeat in every instance. Hearers, in their desire to prolong a momentary pleasure, forget how easily they take the life out of a programme thereby, making the whole concert tedious. The repetition of a piece too often spoils three or four pieces that come after it; the appetite for them is gone. Sometimes, however, it is safe to arrange a programme with pre-allowance for "imperative encores."

Mlle. Urso has gone on a short artistic visit to the British provinces, after which she will sail for Europe, having accepted engagements for the summer in England. It is her purpose to visit the Continent also, and hear and learn as much good music as possible for several years to come, and then return to us with a rich repertoire of classical as well as merely concert music. May success attend her!

2. MR. THOMAS RYAN, whose labors in the cause of classical music, in connection with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club from the very birth thereof, as well as with all our orchestras, and with hosts of pupils, have so identified him with the musical life of Boston, and the country round, had an interesting benefit concert at Chickering's last Saturday evening. The gathering of his friends, both from the city and the suburbs, was quite large. The stage was tastefully adorned with flowers by some fair hands, together with a fine bust of Mendelssohn wreathed with ivy. The programme consisted of choice favorite pieces, all well played or sung.

- 1—Quintet in C, op. 29, Moderato. Beethoven
- 2—Recitative & Aria, "Dove Sono," from Le Nozze di Figaro. Mozart
Miss Ryan.

- 3—Piano Trio in D minor, op. 49, Allegro and Scherzo. Mendelssohn
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
- 4—Rode's Air and Variations, Transcribed for the Saxophone. (Played by request). Rode
Thomas Ryan.
- 5—"O, rest in the Lord." Air from Elijah. Mendelssohn
Miss Ryan.
- 6—Songs without words for Piano.
A { Gondellied in G minor, book 1 }
B { in C, No. 5, book 5 } Mendelssohn
Mr. B. J. Lang.
- 7—Clarinet Quintet in A, op. 108. Mozart
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Tema con Variazioni.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The *Advertiser* reports the annual meeting of this society, which was held in Chickering's Hall last Wednesday evening, the President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, in the chair. The reports of the Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; and Librarian, Geo. H. Chickering, were read and accepted. Mr. Barnes in his report (we print it in full upon another page), alludes to measures in progress to raise a fund of \$20,000, the income of which shall be devoted to musical entertainments, more especially chorus festivals, which, with the aid of suburban talent, can be made superior to anything of the kind in the country. It is also contemplated to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Society, which occurs in two years. Mr. Parker's report showed the receipts of the year to be \$4787 79, and the expenditures \$4937 79, leaving a balance of \$150 against the Society, which with a note of \$700 due makes the Society's liabilities \$850; to meet which the Society holds an Ogdensburg bond worth \$1040, thus leaving an actual balance of \$190 on hand. The old board of officers were re-elected for the ensuing year, as follows:

President—Dr. J. Baxter Upham.
Vice-President—Oren J. Faxon.
Secretary—Loring B. Barnes.
Treasurer—Matthew S. Parker.
Librarian—Geo. H. Chickering.
Trustees—William Hawes, H. Farnham Smith, George P. Carter, Isaac Woodward, William O. Perkins, Samuel L. Thorndike, Edward Faxon, Geo. Fisher.

We understand that Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS, the singer, has bought of Mr. EICHBURG the right of performing his popular little Museum operas, "The Doctor of Alcantara" and "The Rose of Tyrol," for twenty-five hundred dollars. This looks really like the beginning of worldly success for an artist in this country. No doubt the composer will continue to work so promising a mine.

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND and its exhibition, at Irving Hall, on the 15th inst. Music entered largely into the exercises of the pupils, under the direction of their earnest teacher, Mr. S. LASAR. Among other pieces were sung: the *Gloria* from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" (so called); the *Hallelujah* chorus; a solo from the *Creation*; a song by Robert Franz: "Now the summer days are ours"; a couple of old English madrigals, by Ford and Morley; a three-part song: "Chorus of Mermaids," by Gade; divers glee and rounds; Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," to the "John Brown" tune; and the "Star-spangled Banner." There were also Band and Piano-forte performances.

Music Abroad.

GENOA. It must be a rare God-send to almost any theatre in Italy nowadays, to hear a tenor who is so true an artist as Stigelli. A friend sends us clippings from Italian musical papers, glowing with the impression he produced during the winter past in Genoa, on the occasion of his debut in *La Favorita*. With all these critics Stigelli shares the highest honors with the prima donna, Signora Tosi; and the baritone, Rossi Ghelli, also a debutant, is highly praised. One says: "Signor Stigelli (*Fernando*), throughout his part, obtained one of those triumphs of which any artist, however great, might be proud." "The dramatic accent, the energy and the fine coloring with which the brave tenor reproduced the grand final scene of the third act, approved him a consummate artist. The Romanza '*Spirto gentil*' was divinely executed." Sig. Stigelli (or Herr Stigel, for he is properly a German) made friends in this country, who will be glad to hear of his success in Europe—and in Italy.

London.

A few paragraphs, culled from the *Musical World* of May 2, will show that the great metropolis is as full of music as usual during the spring and early summer. For instance:

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The third concert, last night, was marked by two events of uncommon interest—viz., the success of a new violinist, and (*mirabile dictu!*) the success of a new symphony. The following was the programme:—

Part I.	
Overture (Leonora, No. 3).....	Beethoven
Recit. and Aria: "A te riedi!".....	Mercadante
Concerto (violin) in D minor.....	Molique
Duet (Jessonda).....	Spohr
Overture (Melusine).....	Mendelssohn
Part II.	
Symphony, No. 1, in A major (Op. 15).....	Silva
Aria (Le Pre aux cleres).....	Herold
Overture (Praeliosa).....	Weber
Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.	

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION (conductor, Mr. Benedict) produced another novelty, at its fourth concert, in the shape of an operetta, the words and music by Mr. Chalmers Masters, a professor favorably known in musical circles. The name of the operetta is the *Rose of Salency*. The music, comprising three choruses, a serenade (also for chorus), a duet for soprano and tenor, a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, two soprano solos (one with chorus), a ballad, and a *finale*—is of a light and agreeable texture, tuneful, cleverly written, and never dull. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Tennant, Sims Reeves, and Weiss; the accompaniments were played upon two pianofortes, by the composer himself, Messrs. G. Baker, Frank Mori, and Emile Berger. This was, of course, a drawback; but, as the Vocal Association boasts of no orchestra, it was inevitable. The operetta was entirely successful, piece after piece (the solos especially) being applauded.

PHILHARMONIC.—The time-honored "Philharmonic"—as hopeful and vigorous in its 51st year as though it were still in the heyday of youth—presented its subscribers, at its third concert, with an admirable programme, including Mozart's queenly symphony in E flat—his most graceful and beautiful, if not his finest; Mendelssohn's in A major—the one with which the enthusiastic young musician was inspired by the sights and sounds and sunny clime of Italy; Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*—the third and grandest of the *Fidelio* series; and Weber's impetuous *Ruler of the Spirits*. All these well-known and universally-admired compositions were admirably given, perhaps the most striking display of the evening being that bright and genial work which was written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and first performed, under its author's own direction, on the 13th of May, 1833. The 30 years that have transpired since then—during scarcely half of which the ever-striving and ever-progressing Mendelssohn was permitted to enrich the art with new masterpieces (he died in 1847)—have not robbed this fascinating symphony of any of its freshness, any of its melodious spontaneity; and certainly we have never heard it played with more fire, precision and correctness, the times of each movement being indicated by Professor Sterndale Bennett with such punctilious exactness that one might have fancied Mendelssohn himself (whose high opinion of our countryman's ability as a conductor is on record) was directing the performance. The concerto—Weber's in E flat, for pianoforte—besides being a masterwork, was heard with all the more satisfaction in consequence of its being intrusted to one of the youngest and most steadily advancing of our English pianists—Mr. G. W. Casins, who played better, far better, than we remember him to have played on any former occasion, exhibiting qualities both of style and mechanism that brought out in effective relief all the more salient features of the music—music which bears the impress of Weber's romantic spirit in every movement. The singers were Mademoiselle Parepa, who gave "Ocean, thou mighty monster," with remarkable energy; and Mr. Santley, who in the splendid song of Count Almaviva, "Vedrò mentr'io" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*, act 2), showed the qualifications most essential to a singer of the "classical" (genuine) school.

HERR PAUER'S HISTORICAL PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.—The second performance came off on Monday, and was devoted to various schools, ranging from Scarlatti down to Kullak and Willmers. The selection comprised—*Presto* in G minor, and *Allegro* in G minor, Scarlatti; two fugues, Porpora; Sonata in C minor (No. 11), Martini; Sonata di clavicembalo, Paradisi; Sonata in C major, Clementi; Studies, Cramer; "Canon a due," and "Fugue on an air by Mozart," Klenzel; *Nocturne*, in A major, and *Diversissement*, in E major, John Field; Two Studies, Kalkbrenner; Fantasia, in B major, Charles Mayer; "La Violette," Henri Herz; "Les Arpèges," Kullak; "Schlusucht am Meere," Willmers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday *Rigoletto* was given for the first time this season, with Mdlle. Fioretti as Gilda, M. Naudin as the Duke, both "de-

buts," and Signor Ronconi in his original part of the Jester. The performance was excellent, Mdlle. Fioretti made even a greater impression than in *Elvira* (*I Puritani*); and, unless we are very much mistaken, this young singer is destined ultimately to fill up the void left by Angiolina Bosio—than which a greater compliment we could not tender her. Mdlle. Fioretti is a real Italian vocalist—how rare in the present day, we need not remark—and her voice is fresh and sympathetic in quality. She sang some of Gilda's music exquisitely, and was enthusiastically applauded. M. Naudin was better, perhaps, as the Duke of Mantua than as Masaniello; but, though his singing was always correct and sometimes passionate, Signor Mario was sadly missed. Signor Ronconi never produced a greater effect in *Rigoletto*.

On Monday, an extra night, *Guillaume Tell* was repeated for the second appearance of Signor Caffieri.

On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a state visit to the theatre, when *Masaniello* and the National Anthem were performed.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was repeated with *La Farfalletta*. *Lucrezia Borgia* was given for the second time on Tuesday, again followed by the new ballet. On Thursday the *Travatore* was repeated, with Madame Therese Ellinger, vice Madame Alboni, in *Azucena*. Madame Ellinger acted and sang with great energy as the horrible old gipsy, Azucena, and created a most favorable impression.

To-night the *Ballo in Maschera* will be given for the first time. A new Oscar appears in the person of Mdlle. Iradier, a *débutante*, and Signor Dello Sedie makes his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in his popular character of Renato. The rest of the cast is as formerly.

Mdlle. Trebelli makes her *reentrée* on Tuesday in the *Barbiere*, and Signor Schira's new opera, *Niccolò de Lapi*, is positively announced for this day week.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—M. Vieuxtemps is reviving the old impression at the Monday Popular Concerts. At the 125th (Monday week) he again led the Rasonoffsky quartet of Beethoven (No. 3, in C), besides playing with Mr. Hallé, his own remarkably ingenious and original sonata in B flat, for viola and pianoforte, showing himself, not for the first time, as accomplished a master of the viola as of the violin. Mr. Hallé gave Beethoven's solo sonata in E flat (No. 29, Op. 27), the companion of the more famous "Moonlight," and in the ready hands of the German pianist quite as effective. He also—in conjunction with M. Vieuxtemps and Signor Piatti—performed Hummel's brilliant trio in E flat, Op. 96. MM. Wiener and Schreuz took second violin and viola, in the quartet. The singers were Miss Banks and Mr. Weiss—both established favorites at these concerts.

The 126th concert (Monday last) brought us, once more, Mad. Arabella Goddard, as usual with something new and attractive. Hummel's last pianoforte sonata (Op. 106; in D). It was played magnificently by Madame Goddard, and received enthusiastically by the audience, who recalled her unanimously at the end. Her other performance was one of Mozart's violin sonatas (in D), with M. Vieuxtemps, with which the audience were no less enchanted, and reasonably, inasmuch as the music is full of genuine melody, and the interpreters were both high-priests of art. The first quartet was the one in B flat, by Ernst. Enough that it is a striking, symmetrical and wholly original composition; that it was superbly executed by MM. Vieuxtemps, Wiener, H. Webb, and Piatti.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The second concert took place on Wednesday, and attracted an audience that filled St. James's Hall in every part. An excellent and well-varied selection, combined with the first appearance in a London concert-room of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, will readily account for the crowd. The principal pieces for the band were Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, and the overture to *Medea* and *Jessonda*—Cherubini and Spohr. The concertos were Beethoven's for the violin, M. Vieuxtemps' excellent, and Chopin's in E minor for pianoforte, Herr Alfred Jaell, pianist. Herr Jaell recommended Chopin to the best of his ability, playing with great power and facility, and winning unanimous approbation. M. Vieuxtemps gave Beethoven's magnificent concerto magnificently, and created a *furor*. The band in both concertos was irreproachable, and a finer performance of the "Scotch" symphony has rarely been heard.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti having selected the three identical songs in which she had already thrice been heard at the Royal Italian Opera. Concerts, we have nothing more to say than that she produced much the same impression upon Dr. Wyld's company as upon Mr. Gye's.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Alpine Girl's Song. Words by Linley.

W. Maynard. 25

A Swiss song, with rather more variety than the average, and the usual *trai-la-là* at the end. Quite pretty and fresh.

I really couldn't see it. Comic Song. Bowmar. 25

English comic song, in which "I really couldn't see it, couldn't see it, couldn't see it," comes in very funnily.

Within the Convent Garden. Die Nonne, von Uhland. Music by S. Thalberg. 25

A sweet little ballad of Uhland's, admirably fitted to music by an admirable master. The accompaniment is very fine, and a good tune by itself.

O Love, thou'rt like a reed bent low. Song from *The Armorer of Nantes*. Balfé. 25

The first of a series of songs from a new opera which excites considerable attention in England. While there is much music in the *Armorer* which must be heard in connection with the rest to produce its full effect, there are also a few melodious songs and duets which may well sustain a separate existence. This song of Raoul the Armorer will no doubt be a favor-
ite.

Little Nell. Ballad. C. Packer. 30

An exquisite little song, composed for Mad. Bishop, whose beautiful and touching rendering of it is familiar to those who have attended her concerts.

O wake her not, my mother. Ballad. T. B. Bishop. 25

Instrumental Music.

Les Diamans de la Couronne. Die Krondiamanten. Beyer's *Bouquet of Melodies*. Op. 42. 50

Another of Beyer's collections of opera airs, which now include, probably, nearly every favorite opera melody in existence. Those who like the Crown Diamonds, will find it here served up, ready for the fingers.

Hymn to Love. Hymne an die Liebe. T. Oesten. 40

One of Oesten's most recent pieces. Contains a melody of great beauty. Of easy-medium difficulty.

The Flower Show Galop. F. Reyloff. 35

Very easy; enough so to render it just the piece to give at the end of a first quarter's instruction, and at the same time brilliant and musical.

Fidelio. Bouquet de Melodies. F. Beyer. 50

The favorite melodies of the opera *Fidelio*.

Corinna Polka. H. Pond. 25

A bright composition, with some quite novel effects.

Mine alone. German air, varied. 35

Books.

JOHNSON'S SYSTEM OF HARMONY. Practical instructions in Harmony, on the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System, and the art of extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1.00

The number of those who study Harmony is comparatively small. It should be larger. The above system will enable one who has no teacher (of course it is greatly better to have one), to master the art of writing music. It contains a great quantity of exercises, perfectly progressive, and plain directions for working out each musical problem.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

